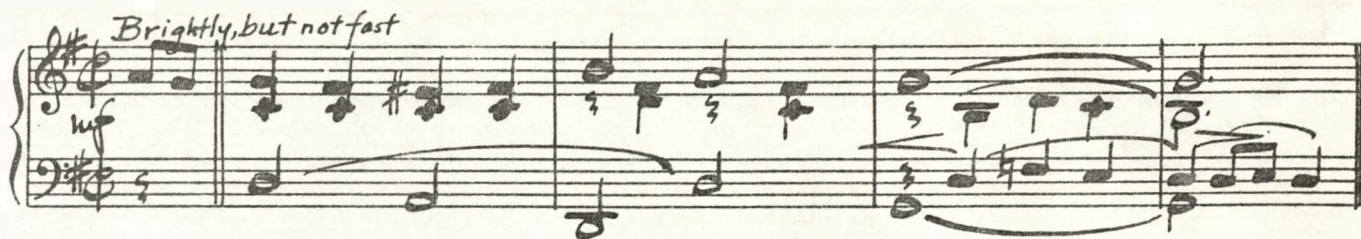


TERRE HAUTE

(BY THE WABASH FAR AWAY)

Words & Music by JOHN F. KEELEY

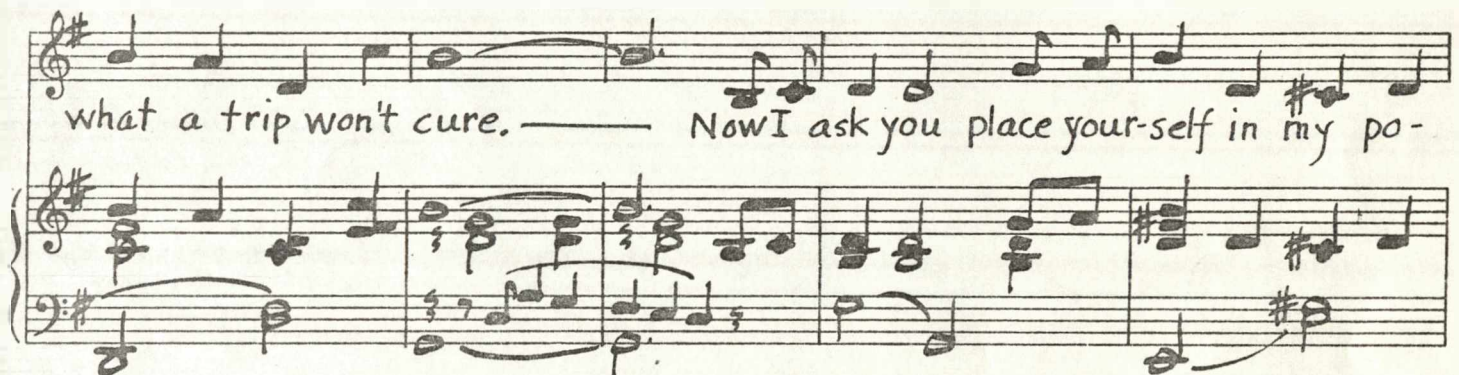
Brightly, but not fast



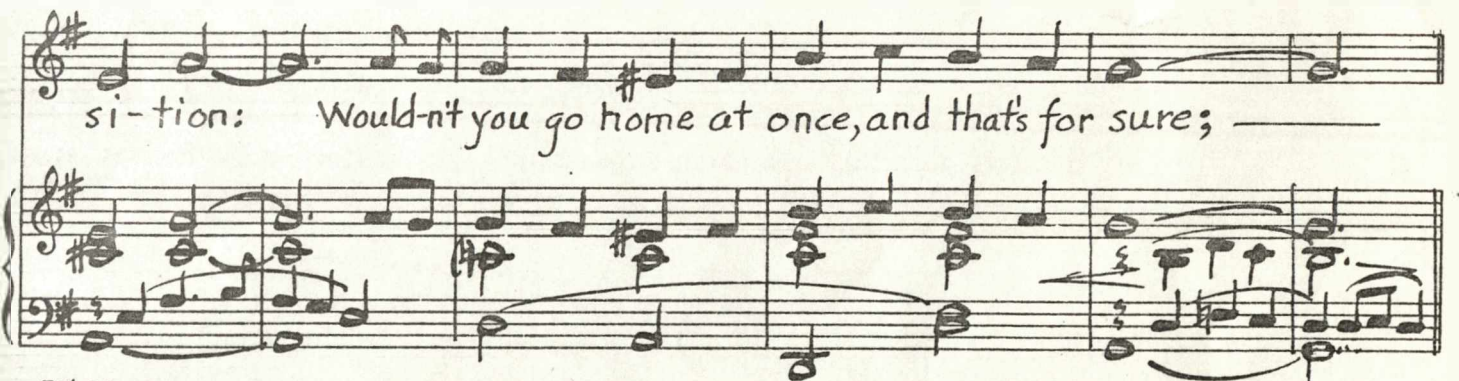
Tho I'm home-sick and I'm not in good con-di-tion, — There's no-thing wrong but



what a trip won't cure. — Now I ask you place your-self in my po-

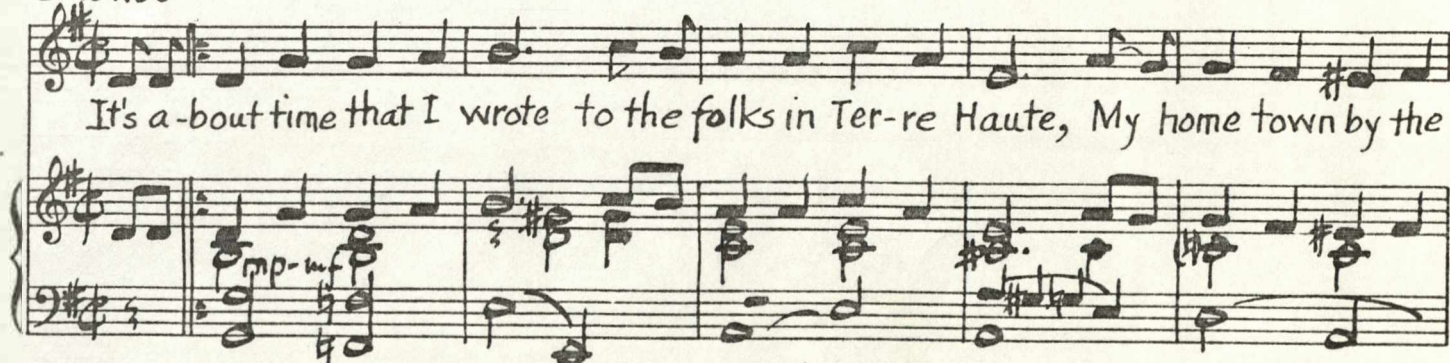


si-tion: Would-n't you go home at once, and that's for sure; —



CHORUS:

It's a-bout time that I wrote to the folks in Ter-re Haute, My home town by the



Wa-bash far a-way. ——— Where I lost my heart one night while the stars were shin-ing

bright, By the Wa-bash now so far a- way. ——— When I said good-bye to

June be-neath that Hoo-sier moon A night-in-gale sang soft-ly; seemed to say "Oh, come back

soon." So it's a-bout time that I wrote to the folks in Ter-re Haute, And my

sweet-heart by the Wa-bash far a-way. ——— It's a- way.

A "Jean Walz
Arrangement"